

Lone Wolf Club Newsletters

Newsletter #19

Joe Dever is the creator of the bestselling Lone Wolf adventure books and novels. He is the creator and editor of the original Lone Wolf Club Newsletters that were published between 1985–96.

Gary Chalk is the main illustrator of the early Lone Wolf Club Newsletters.

Brian Williams is the main illustrator of the later Lone Wolf Club Newsletters.

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This project would have been impossible without the helpful contributions of:

David Davis – allowing scanned copies to be made of his near-complete collection of Lone Wolf Club Newsletters.

Dominic Roberts – providing scans for missing/damaged pages.

Simon Osborne – creator and maintainer of this document.

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NEWSLETTER No. 19

The fifth exciting adventure novel in the Legends of Lone Wolf series—

THE CLAWS OF HELGEDAD

is now available. See page 7 of this newsletter for the special club order form which will enable you to obtain your copy signed by Joe Dever.

Also in this issue:

Part 3 of the ADVENTURES OF SABRE FOX, FIREFLY, BLACK HAWK, & WILD WEASEL,

by Michael Hole

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Improved Grand Master Disciplines for Kai Sun Knights

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Cyril Julien—the “new boy” on the Lone Wolf team. We showcase some of the work of the artist who has been chosen to work on the first Lone Wolf graphic novel.

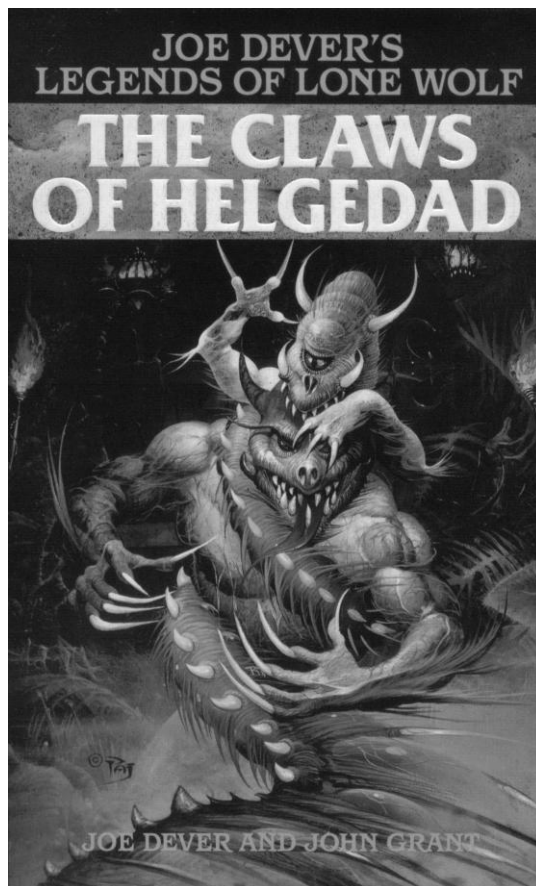
plus

KAI KONNECTION

COMPETITION RESULTS

NEWS FROM THE MONASTERY

CLUB COMPETITION



The Kai Konnection



The Kai Konnection is a regular feature of the Lone Wolf Club Newsletter for those of you who would like to make new friends by post.

Name: ROBERT HANSEN
Age: 13
Address: USA
Hobbies: Lone Wolf, reading, computers, writing.
Would like a pen-pal with similar interests.

Name: PHILLIP WRIGHT
Age: 10
Address: England
Hobbies: Reading, gamebooks, RPGs, painting miniatures, karate computers, soccer
Would like a UK pen-pal, aged 10-14, with similar interests.

Name: ALEXANDER CRAWFORD
Age: 10
Address: England
Hobbies: Tennis, painting miniatures, swimming, TV, Lone Wolf, soccer, collecting fossils, heavy metal.
Would like a pen-pal, male or female, aged 10-15, any nationality, same or similar interests.

Name: PAUL GALLAGHER
Age: 11
Address: Scotland
Hobbies: Computers, swimming, cycling, solo gamebooks (esp. Lone Wolf).
Would like a pen-pal, female, of similar age and with similar interests.

Name: JESSE WYATT
Age: 8
Address: Australia
Hobbies: Computer games, gamebooks, TV, MC Hammer, basketball, gym.
Would like a pen-pal into computer games and Lone Wolf, any age, boy or girl.

Name: DOUGLAS MacDONALD
Age: 11
Address: Scotland
Hobbies: Computers, swimming, gamebooks, films, reading.
Would like a pen-pal aged 10-13, any nationality, male / female, preferably with similar interests.

Name: RYAN HUMPHREYS
Age: 14
Address: England
Hobbies: Sega games, Lone Wolf, writing, Space Crusade, music (Techno).
Would like a pen-pal with similar interests, aged 14-15, UK / US, male or female . . . write soon!

Name: RICHARD NORTH
Age: 12
Address: England
Hobbies: Computers, solo gamebooks, Lone Wolf (novels, club), writing, drawing.
Would like a male / female pen-pal, aged 11-13, into Lone Wolf, who'd like to exchange stories and info on their hobbies.

Name: SCOTT HUGHES
Age: 16
Address: USA
Hobbies: Lone Wolf, Dr Who, reading sci-fi and sci-fantasy, computers, skiing, video games.
Would like a pen-pal, any age, sex, nationality, preferably with similar interests.

Name: CHRIS JACOBSMEYER
Age: 13
Address: USA
Hobbies: Fantasy, gamebooks, Dragonlance, Freeway Warrior.
Would like a pen-pal, male or female, with similar interests.

Kai Konnection Form:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

..... AGE:

YOUR HOBBIES / INTERESTS

.....

TYPE OF PEN-PAL YOU WOULD LIKE

.....

.....

Fill in this form in BLOCK CAPITALS please, and send it to:

LONE WOLF CLUB (KK), 39 Corfe Way, Broadstone, Dorset, BH18 9ND

YES! I would like to become a LONE WOLF pen-pal. Please feature me in the next newsletter (space permitting).

THE ADVENTURES OF SABRE FOX, FIREFLY, BLACK HAWK & WILD WEASEL



by Kai Grand Master Michael Hole



PART THREE: The Departure

At last the time came for the prophesied meeting. Lone Wolf, Sabre Fox, Firefly, Black Hawk, Wild Weasel, Banedon, Ulnar, Rimoah, and all the other Sommlending officials left the courtyard and walked along the streets in single file. It was like a funeral procession. By now almost every citizen of Holmgard knew of the transportation and welcomed it, all that is save the capital's criminal rogues. When the procession and its crowd of followers entered Holmgard's main square, they were met by ranks of pikestaffed guardsmen, their polished armour glinting in the sun. The crowd spread out to face the stoic guardsmen and a feeling of expectant excitement filled the air as they waited for the criminals to be escorted in.

In the west corner of the square stood the transporter wagon—a truly breathtaking vehicle. Built from Sommlending and Durenese oak, reinforced by iron and beaten copper, it looked indestructible. Six great shire horses were harnessed to the wagon, waiting patiently for their work to begin.

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets sounded above the hubbub of the crowd. Then into the square came the criminals—Dolby, Jarek, Adwar, and Iylpos—escorted and surrounded by a troop of the King's Citadel guards. The crowd cursed and spat at the despised foursome yet, despite the torrent of abuse and hatred, none of them showed any trace of emotion.

"There they are . . . at last," said Lord Rimoah. The four young Kai warriors shifted nervously as they stared at the grim-faced outlaws. Lone Wolf said a few words to one of the Citadel guards and then came over to speak to the boys.

"Don't be intimidated by them," he said. "They'll be sure to try and test your nerve at every opportunity, so stand firm. Remember always that you are Kai warriors."

Sabre Fox was mesmerized by the sight of Jarek. This great hulk of a man who stood nearly seven feet tall dwarfed those around him. Jarek caught the boy's stare and it was clear to see that he didn't like it. This brute had often murdered children in cold blood without a second thought, simply because they had got in his way. Violence lay at the centre of his soul. He was incapable of goodly acts; he might as well have been born a Giak. This monster glared at Sabre Fox and made the boy flinch under the weight of his stare. He was transfixed by Jarek's gaze until Lone Wolf stepped in front of him and gently shook him to his senses.

Lent Iylpos was a small and deadly clever man who, despite his insignificant appearance, was shockingly evil. It was true to say that all four of the outlaws were bad men, but somehow Iylpos radiated evil whereas the other three seemed to be consumed by it. Adwar looked the most villainous, the criss-crossed mass of scars which disfigured his face were too many to count easily. When he noticed the young Kai warriors looking at him with revulsion and contempt, his eyes burned with a red rage. His wrecked face began to swell and it looked as if he was about to erupt until Lone Wolf shot him a deadly glare which defused his anger immediately. Dolby, like Iylpos, was a slight man. It was Dolby who organised all of the uprisings and so Lone Wolf warned the four young Kai Lords to be especially wary of him. The time had come for the Kai Lords to meet their prisoners. Sabre Fox was clearly dreading it but a terse word from Lone Wolf made him pull himself together.

"Dolby," said Lord Rimoah, "I think that it is about time that you and your fellows meet the young men who are to be your gaolers for the next few months."

The prisoners smiled smugly as they stared at the four young Kai.

"Our gaolers?" answered Dolby, clearly amused at the thought. He turned to his fellow outlaws and said, sarcastically, "May the Gods save us!"

Rimoah eyed Dolby without blinking. He was clearly not amused by the criminal's show of smug disdain.



"And this is Lone Wolf. I believe you've met already."

The smile left Dolby's face in an instant. It was obvious that he and Lone Wolf had crossed swords in the past and he had not forgotten it.

Put them aboard," said Lone Wolf to the Citadel guards. "And make sure they are secure."

The escort obeyed his command and the four criminals were made to enter the transporter wagon. Inside they were chained to their seats. The crowd, their curiosity satisfied, had thinned out and now only a few score remained to watch the wagon's departure. Lone Wolf offered the young Kai Lords some last words of advice before he, too, entered the wagon and then beckoned them to take their places opposite the criminals. Firefly was chosen to act a driver for the first leg of their journey and, when he was ready, he signalled to Lord Rimoah with his whip.



"Farewell," shouted Rimoah and the other officials, as the heavy wagon began to move. "Farewell and Godspeed!"

A fresh breeze caressed Black Hawk's face as the ponderous wagon gathered speed. Above, firefly was smiling at the people that lined the street to the main gate. Wild Weasel was so excited that he was having difficulty holding back the smile that threatened to split his face in two. It was not until he caught sight of Ilypos' evil stare that his excitement abated. Noisily, the great wagon trundled through the great gate and entrance tunnel of Holmgard, then they were outside the city walls and on their way to Ragadorn. The journey had really begun.

"Two hundred and fifty miles", thought Wild Weasel apprehensively. The transporter had been travelling for over two hours and already boredom was beginning to set in. The tension between the Kai Lords and their prisoners has calmed a little although neither party had spoken a word to the other since leaving Holmgard. Finally, Wild Weasel couldn't take it any longer.

"Excuse me, sire," he said to Lone Wolf. "But would you mind telling us about your quest for the Sommerswerd. You visited Ragadorn did you not?"

Lone Wolf looked at Wild Weasel and a smile softened his stern features. "As a matter of fact, Wild Weasel, I did go to Ragadorn during my quest, although it was not my intention. Fate decreed it to be so."

Fearing that the conversation was about to end here, Wild Weasel quickly asked another question.

"What is the city like, sire? Is it like Holmgard or Toran?"

Lone Wolf looked amused. "Ragadorn," he said, slowly rubbing his stubbly chin, "is not the most welcoming of places, that's for sure. My opinion of the city has changed over the years. Once I would have said the it is a foul place, full of the foulest dregs of humanity." He shot a glance at Adwar, knowing him to be a native Ragadornian. The outlaw sneered back and ran his tongue around his ragged lips, chilling Wild Weasel in the process. The scars on his face seemed to come alive and twist like a mass of angry red snakes. He looked as if he was about to explode when Dolby spoke:

"Now, now, Kai Lord. You're upsetting my friend here. The road to his hometown is a long one. Surely you do not wish to make it an unduly unpleasant one as well? I advise you to speak with more tact in future."

The young Kai Lords were shaken by the audacity of Dolby's words. They looked at their master, not knowing how he would react to this insolence.

"Listen hard, Dolby," replied Lone Wolf, with quiet menace. "When you and this oaf committed your countless crimes against the free peoples of Magnamund, you forfeited all rights to be treated as decent men. If you try to challenge my authority once more during this journey you'll regret it." Dolby blanched and looked out of the slatted wagon window to avoid Lone Wolf's piercing stare. Sabre Fox smiled at the criminal's obvious discomfort.

"Whad'ya gawking at, boy? If y'dare snigger at me I'll carve yer girly lips off!" barked Jarek violently. Sabre Fox was startled by the sudden outburst and recoiled out of fear. Meanwhile Firefly, who was oblivious to the commotion inside the wagon, broke out into song as he whipped the horses onward along the rutted road. It was some minutes before he heard the sound of screaming and yelling coming from inside the wagon. Fearing the worst he reigned in the horses and leapt down from his seat.





"What in Ishir's name is going on in there?" he shouted, as he fumbled with the wagon door's iron latch. Suddenly, the door swung open and knocked him off his feet. Out got Sabre Fox and the other Kai Lords, all of them arguing amongst themselves.

"Why don't we kill them now and have done with it?" said Black Hawk. "We can say we were attacked by bandits on the highway and the prisoners were killed trying to get away. Sabre Fox agreed with Black Hawk and reached to his sword to show how eager he was to carry out his suggestion. Wild Weasel, meanwhile, was helping his friend Firefly to get to his feet.

"No!" bellowed Lone Wolf, angrily. "I shall not tolerate such a scheme. Remember, you are Kai Lords. You are sworn to fight for Good and justice. If we were to slay these prisoners as you suggest then we would be no better than them and their kind."

The simple logic of Lone Wolf's words calmed the two agitated young Kai Lords. They apologised, and asked Lone Wolf to forgive them. For a moment they had forgotten their Kai wisdom.

"Very well, I shall overlook the matter this time," said Lone Wolf, "but just you make sure this is the last I hear of such talk. Now, Black Hawk, you go and unpack some food. My stomach tells me it's about time we were eating."

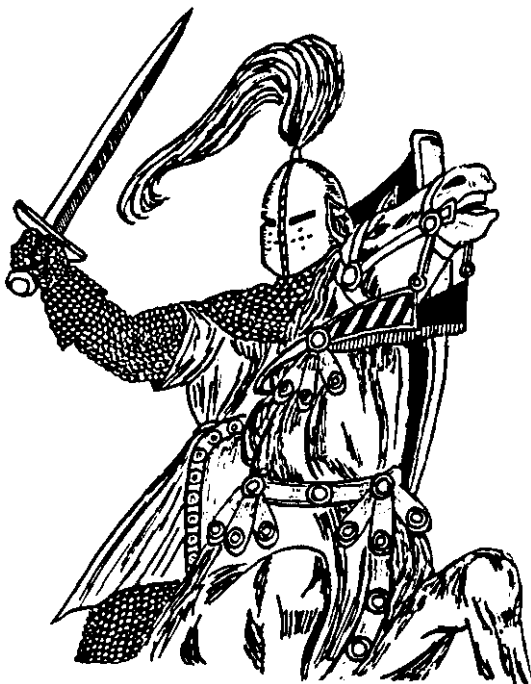
Black Hawk nodded and obediently went about the task of getting the food. Lone Wolf himself shared out the bread, cheese, and sausage amongst the prisoners whilst the young Kai Lords helped themselves. They all ate together (with the exception of Sabre Fox who sat alone in the driver's seat) in silence, the tension between the prisoners and the Kai still high. When they were done, Lone Wolf hammered on the ceiling of the wagon and Sabre Fox

took the sound to mean that it was time to be moving on. He responded by stamping his foot down on the hard oak running board, then he grabbed the reins and flicked them to start the horses off. The heavy transporter creaked into life and began to trundle along the dusty road.

Sabre Fox sat in the driver's seat and stared contentedly at the passing countryside. The horses needed very little guidance and the young Kai Lord was soon lost in a dream as he stared with fascination at the slowly changing scenery. The lush richness of Sommerlund was giving way to a plain of barren wilderness. The bountiful foliage which had lined the highway shortly after leaving Holmgard was now nothing more than an occasional wiry bush or stunted tree. Absent-mindedly he stared at the horizon, watching small eddies of dust that danced along the crests of the low hills. The sky was overcast with slate-grey clouds. A few scraggy crows were flying south in search of more hospitable land. Sabre Fox's quiet contemplations were interrupted by the premonition of danger. The short hairs on the nape of his neck prickled with anticipation, and the sleepy fatigue of the journey was suddenly dispelled. He was not alone in the presentiment. Lone Wolf too had sensed something was amiss and was shaking the three dozing young Kai Lords awake.

"What the...?" grumbled Firefly.

"It's alright," replied Lone Wolf, quietly reassuring the confused young man. "I'm just going to go up top to check on Sabre Fox. You keep an eye on the prisoners while I'm gone, OK?"



Lone Wolf opened the wagon's heavy door and swung himself outside. Black Hawk looked with admiration at his master's agility and secretly hoped that one day he too would possess such natural grace and skill. Lone Wolf pulled himself onto the roof of the wagon and kicked shut the door before he made his way forwards to where Sabre Fox was sitting. The young driver turned to face his master, his brow furrowed with concern.

"So you sense it too," said Lone Wolf. Sabre Fox nodded. Lone Wolf scanned the surrounding landscape and, almost immediately, his keen vision detected the source of their unease. On the highway behind them he saw a large group of riders, about two dozen in number. He could tell by their rough-looking costumes and their determined expressions that they were after the transporter, or, more probably, the human cargo it was carrying.

"Steel yourself," said Lone Wolf to his young companion. "I fear we'll soon have a battle on our hands." Sabre Fox's heart skipped a beat, but he obeyed his master's command and set about readying his weapons for the imminent attack. He unsheathed his sword and propped it on the seat beside him, and he unshouldered his bow and quiver and set them down in the floor-well by his feet. Lone Wolf meanwhile had returned to the interior of the wagon and was warning his young acolytes. One by one they climbed out onto the roof and took up hidden positions among the boxes, bales, and barrels. Lone Wolf took the reins from Sabre Fox who gathered his weapons and went to join his fellows. Quietly he wondered about the prisoners below. Were the riders coming to free them? It certainly looked that way.

Meanwhile, back in the wagon's gloomy interior, the four outlaws were whispering among themselves excitedly. It was quickly decided that Jarek should be the first to try to break free of his chains. He grabbed the heavy links with his mighty hands and pulled. The veins in his face and arms stood out like steel hawsers as he strained to tear free the chains from their mountings. There was a long tortuous creak of metal then, with a crack, one of the mountings came loose and was wrenched from the wooden floor. Jarek smiled evilly and rose from his seat. His fellow prisoners hissed at him, urging him to release them as well, but he was deaf to their pleas. He seemed to be driven by one thought—the thought of slaughtering his Kai captors. He opened the wagon door and saw the surface of the highway speeding past a few feet below him. Carefully he swung himself outside and clawed his way upwards to the roof. He was hoping to catch one of the Kai, preferably Lone Wolf himself, unawares. But by now the pursuing horsemen were only a couple of hundred yards away and Jarek, despite his lust for vengeance, quickly realized that he was in the process of being rescued. He peeped over the handrail to see Lone Wolf at the reins and Firefly close by. Suddenly Black Hawk shouted:

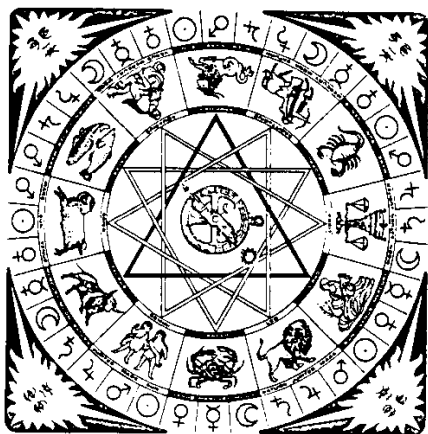
"Lone Wolf! They're here!"

The Kai leader turned to see that his acolyte's words were coldly correct; indeed the riders were here. He picked up his shield with his free hand and used it to protect his left side as he steered the horses with his right hand. By now Jarek had recognized the horsemen and was signalling to them frantically. Then he hauled himself onto the roof and crept forwards towards Firefly's back. The young Kai sensed danger and turned to face it but, before he could cry out, he was grabbed by Jarek and held in a powerful bear hug. Firefly gasped, unable to inhale. Desperately he called on his mind powers and focused them on the big man's wrist. Jarek felt a sharp burning sensation pierce his forearm and, for a moment, his crushing grip weakened. Firefly wriggled free, his face pinched and blue with lack of air, but his sickly expression soon brightened when he saw his friend Sabre Fox coming to his aid. Jarek growled and swung a fist at the winded young Kai. Firefly ducked, then dived at his foe and butted him in the stomach. The big man grunted but was hardly moved by the attack. He began to pummel Firefly's back with his fists. Sabre Fox made his move. He punched Jarek in the face with enough force to split the big man's lip. The unexpected pain made sent him staggering backwards, trailing blood across the boxes and barrels. Sabre Fox was about to follow up his attack when a clutch of arrows whistled past his head. The riders were firing from the saddle. Jarek seized the opportunity and came rushing across the roof towards Sabre Fox with his bloodied hands outstretched, intent on hurling him off the wagon. At the last moment the young Kai Lord dodged his attacker and Jarek found himself tottering on the edge of the roof, his arms flailing wildly in an attempt to keep himself from falling.

"Goodbye!" hissed Sabre Fox, venomously, as he moved to push the outlaw to his well-deserved doom. But, despite his precarious position, Jarek was anticipating Sabre Fox's move. He had for many years been Ragadorn's most notorious streetfighter and he had not forgotten any of his tricks. Just as Sabre Fox got ready to push, Jarek spun around on the ball of his left foot and caught the boy a glancing blow with his fist on the side of his head. Sabre Fox saw stars, then he keeled over backwards and landed heavily at Black Hawk's feet. Another volley of arrows came whistling across the top of the wagon and one lodged itself in Black Hawk's cape. Jarek growled, but this time it was a cry of pain and not anger. By chance, one of the arrows had ricocheted from the handrail and struck him in the back. He staggered towards Black Hawk then crashed face down lifelessly amongst the baggage. He was dead.

"Sabre Fox!" shouted Lone Wolf. The dazed boy got to his feet and moved forwards to answer his master's call. "Take the reins." The boy was glad to oblige. Lone Wolf slipped out of the driver's seat and made ready his bow as he sought cover behind a water barrel. He drew an arrow and fired, sending the shaft deep into the chest of a pursuing rider. The black-clad horsemen screamed and fell and his body was trampled by the hooves of the following horses. The young Kai took Lone Wolf's lead and they, too, began to fire at the surrounding horsemen with their bows. Arrows filled the dust-choked air. Horsemen screamed and fell, and arrows bristled from the baggage behind which the Kai were hiding. One shaft shattered against the iron band of a water barrel and sent a handful of splinters into Firefly's face. Blood flowed immediately. Swiftly Lone Wolf, with shield in hand, rose from cover and moved to Firefly's side. Using his healing powers he numbed the boy's stinging wounds then covered him with his shield to protect him from the deadly arrows. Then, with stunning swiftness, he drew and fired a quiverful of arrows at the surrounding horsemen. Eight arrows left his bow and eight horsemen soon lay dead on the dusty highway. But still the riders came on.

Four bold horsemen drew up alongside and leapt from their saddles to fix themselves like limpets to the sides of the transporter. One bearded villain failed to hold on and he slipped and fell beneath the wagon's rear wheels. The sound of breaking bone and crushed flesh sent a shiver down Firefly's spine. The remaining three horsemen gave a battle-cry and pulled themselves onto the roof. Wild Weasel was closest to them and bravely he moved forward to meet their advance, his broadsword raised. Unfortunately, he stumbled as his foot caught a trailing rope and he fell flat on his face before he was able to swing his sword. Firefly jumped to his friend's aid, his sword cutting the air an inch above a horseman's head.



He would have hit the man had it not been for the blood which was matting his eyelids. Wild Weasel saw Firefly's problem and got quickly to his feet. He pulled his brave friend away from the advancing horsemen and blocked their advance with his hissing sword. Wild Weasel fought like a demon, hacking and slashing at the three intruders. One died instantly when his Kai blade tore open his throat, and another screamed as Wild Weasel's steel pierced his side. Firefly noticed that another bunch of riders were closing in with bows ready to fire.

"Down!" he shouted to his friend, and instinctively Wild Weasel reacted to the warning by hurling himself amongst the baggage. The two intruders looked momentarily shocked by his sudden disappearance, then their shocked expressions turned to pained expressions as several of their confederate's arrows peppered their bodies. With cries of anger and agony they staggered and fell from the roof.

Within a few minutes the remaining riders had called off their attack and disappeared into the surrounding hills. Exhausted and exhilarated by their first taste of battle, the four young Kai Lords slumped among the bags and boxes and drank deeply from a canteen of spring water. Lone Wolf steered the horses and kept a watchful eye on the surrounding hills in case their attackers should decide to return.

It was nearing dusk when Lone Wolf halted the transporter and praised his young acolytes for the way they had conducted themselves during the attack. Then he made a check of the horses to see if any had been injured, but all six were well. Then he opened the door of the wagon and peered inside at the passengers. Iylpos, surprisingly, was asleep. Dolby and Adwar were very much awake and they looked at Lone Wolf with nervous eyes. Where Jarek had sat there was now just a coiled length of chain and a broken mounting. Lone Wolf ran his eye over the remaining prisoner's chains and satisfied himself that they were secure.

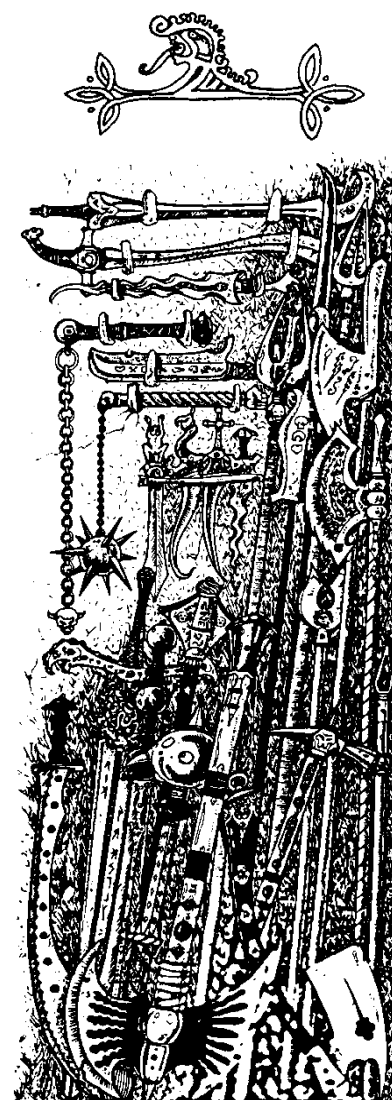
"Jarek's dead," he said. Dolby and Anwar showed not a flicker of emotion.

"So you finally got around to killing him then, eh, Kai Lord?" said Adwar, coldly. "So much for Kai honour and Sommlending fair play. You just murdered him 'cause he got free. When are you going to murder us then, Kai Lord?"

"Shut your foul mouth, Adwar!" retorted Lone Wolf. "Death is a fate too good for you and your kind. You should be thankful you've got a Kai escort. There's plenty who'd rightly welcome the sight of you hung and drawn on the gallows without the benefit of a trial."

Lone Wolf ordered his acolytes to get some rest. When they had settled themselves comfortably among the baggage and had drifted off to sleep, he took up the reins and gently coaxed the horses onward. Only Lone Wolf remained awake as the transporter trundled on its way through the brooding darkness towards Ragadorn.

NEXT EPISODE: "RAGADORN—AS WELCOME AS EVER"



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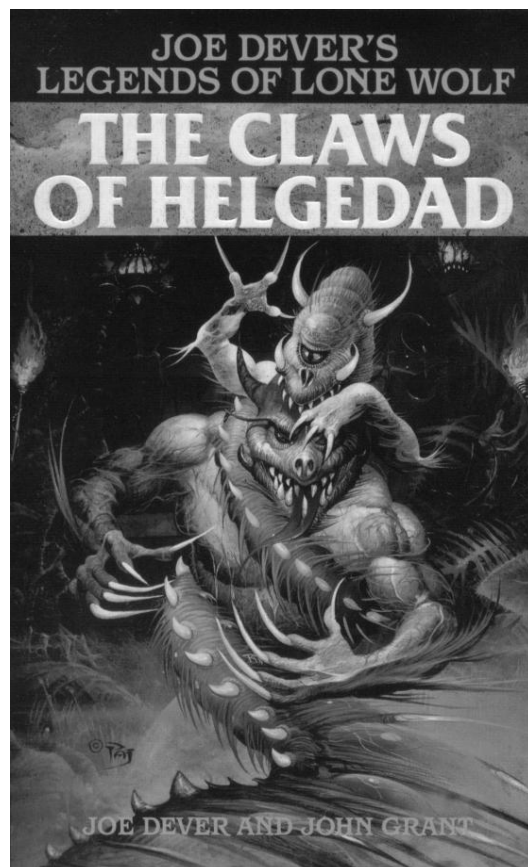
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IMPROVED GRAND MASTER DISCIPLINES

As you rise through the higher levels of Kai Grand Mastery, you will find that your Disciplines will steadily improve. For example, if you possess the Discipline of Grand Nexus when you reach the Grand Master rank of Grand Thane, you will be able to pass freely through Shadow Gates and explore the nether realms of Aon and the Daziam Plane.

If you are a Grand Master who has reached the rank of Sun Knight, you will now benefit from Improvements to the following Grand Master Disciplines:

Grand Weaponmastery

Sun Knights with this discipline are able to wield two-handed weapons (e.g. Broadsword, Quarterstaff, Spear, etc.) with full effect, using only one hand.

Deliverance

Sun Knights who possess this skill are able to repair serious wounds sustained by creatures other than themselves. By the laying of hands upon the affected creature's body, a Sun Knight can cause an open wound (or other serious injury) to mend itself. The speed at which this healing takes place increases as a Grand Master rises in rank.

Grand Pathsmanship

Kai Sun Knights with this skill are able to repel at will all normal-sized insects within a radius of three yards. The range and numbers of insects so affected increases considerably as a Grand Master rises in rank.

Grand Nexus

Sun Knights who possess Mastery of this Discipline are able to feign death. By placing themselves into a state of suspended animation, outwardly they are able to achieve all semblance of being truly dead. However, whilst in this state the only sense that a Sun Knight retains is the ability to hear.

Telegnosis

Sun Knights who possess this Discipline are able to communicate telepathically over great distances. Initially the range of this ability is approximately 100 miles, but this distance increases as a Grand Master rises in rank.

Kai-alchemy

Grand Masters who have reached the rank of Sun Knight are able to use the following Brotherhood spells:

Halt Missile—This causes any projected or hurled missile (i.e. arrows, axes, crossbow bolts, etc.) which may pose an immediate threat to the life of a Sun Knight, to cease its flight and remain stationary in mid-air. The effect of the spell lasts for 2-3 seconds, allowing the Sun Knight sufficient time to move away from its line of flight. Initially only one missile can be affected by this spell, but the number increases as a Grand Master rises in rank.

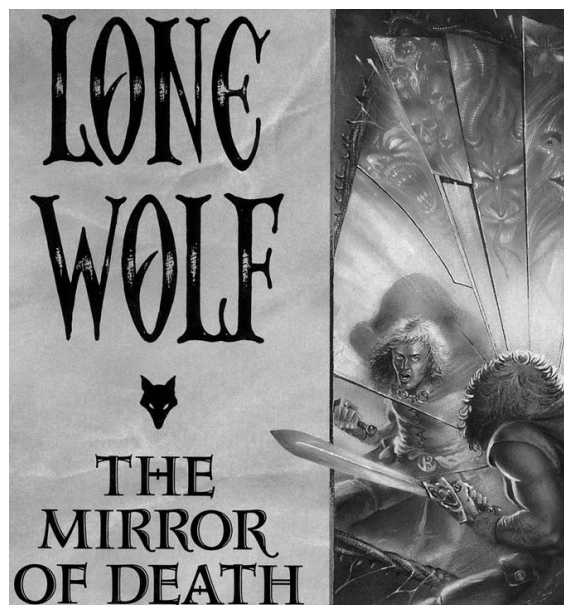
Strength—By casting this spell, a Sun Knight is able to greatly increase his or her physical strength for a short duration. It can be used to lift or move heavy objects, or to effect a temporary increase in COMBAT SKILL and ENDURANCE scores whilst fighting an enemy in unarmed combat.

News from the Monastery

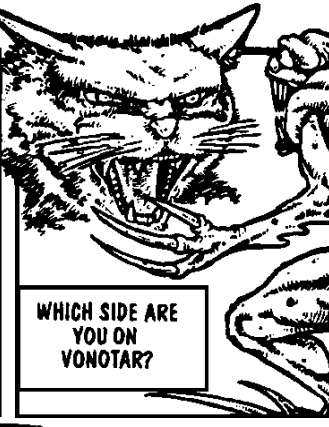
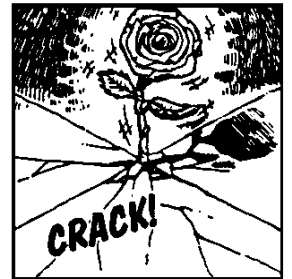
As mentioned in last issue's news section, work has already begun on a Lone Wolf graphic novel, written by Joe Dever and illustrated by Cyril Julien. Joe has decided to create an entirely new adventure especially for this project, the title of which will be: "The Skull of Agarash". As promised, we feature in this issue some of Cyril Julien's artwork. The following two pages are a graphic portrayal of the opening chapter of the first Legends novel entitled – "A Magician Spurned" Publication of the graphic novel has now been revised to April 1992.

The Lone Wolf audiobook (also mentioned in last issue's news page) has now been completed. Those lucky ones who work in the editorial sections of Red Fox books and Random Century Audiobooks who have heard the three-hour adaptation of "Eclipse of the Kai" have praised it very highly, rating it as one of the best audiobook productions of all time. Publication has been brought forward to February 1992, and we hope to bring you a special feature about this project in a future newsletter.

The Lone Wolf software adventure entitled "Mirror of Death" is now available from most UK software retailers in all popular computer formats. If you are having difficulty in locating a version for your computer, call Audiogenic Software on [UK] 081-861 1166. They will be pleased to give you details of your local stockist, or arrange for a mail-order purchase.







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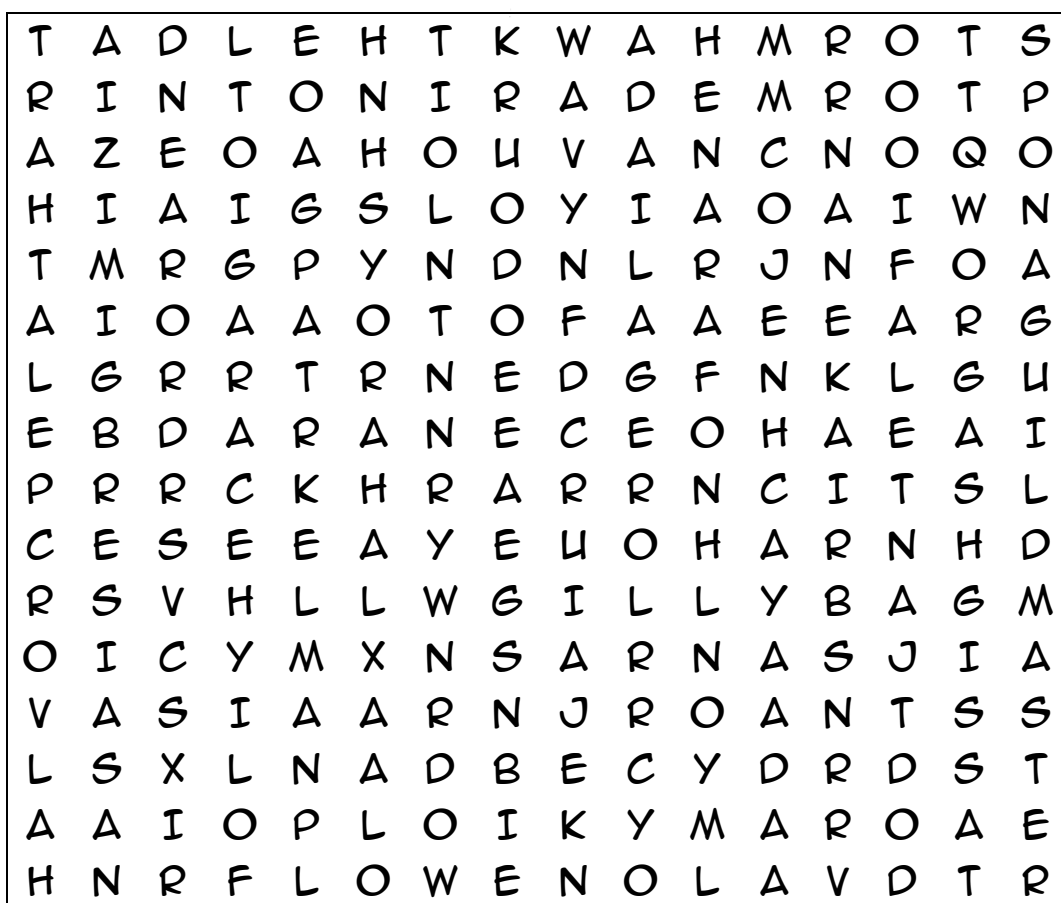
This issue's competition consists of a fiendishly clever word search quiz devised by Kai Grand Master—Claire Brotherton. It is based on the "Legends of Lone Wolf" books (1 → 4).

The word search is in two parts. First you must unscramble 46 Lone Wolf words and then you must locate them in the grid.

When you have solved the word search, all you have to do is list the answers on a separate sheet of paper and send it (with this original or a copy of your completed grid), together with your name, address, Kai rank and age, to the club secretary at the address shown below.

All entries must be submitted no later than 1st November 1991. Any received after this date will not be counted so be sure to complete your entry and send it in as soon as possible. The winner and runners-up will be notified by post before 5th December 1991.

THE PRIZES: The first entry with the most correct answers, drawn from all those received by the closing date, will win a SYSTEMA "BANK RAID" DOUBLE-SCREEN ELECTRONIC LCD GAME. It has two skill levels and four directional movements. The top screen comes with automatic scoring and alarm facility. Battle through 24 different mazes to track down the bomb before your time runs out! The next 3 best entries will win signed copies of Legends of Lone Wolf 5—The Claws of Helgedad.



Send your answer sheet & word search solution (with your name, address, age & Kai rank details) to: THE LONE WOLF CLUB (Q19), 39 Corfe Way, Broadstone, Dorset, BH18 9ND, England.

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21 August 2009

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